

# SPAWN





TODD McFARLANE AND  
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

# a season in hell - part iii

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## SPAWN 117 SUMMARY

Arising out of young Eddie's search for revenge on the Hellspawn, the Redeemer finds Spawn in the desert and intends to finally settle the score. As the battle between the two is taking place, the mysterious stranger visits Eddie's bedside in the hospital and reveals the truth to an unconscious Eddie that has always been impossible for him to admit: His father was an abusive, drunken brute. While the truth could kill Eddie, it has the Redeemer examining his own motives. After receiving a final crushing blow from the Redeemer, Spawn lays on the desert floor while two patiently waiting scorpions do what they have been sent to do: drag the Hellspawn down into the bowels of Hell.



**TODD McFARLANE**  
PRODUCTIONS



**SPAWN.COM**

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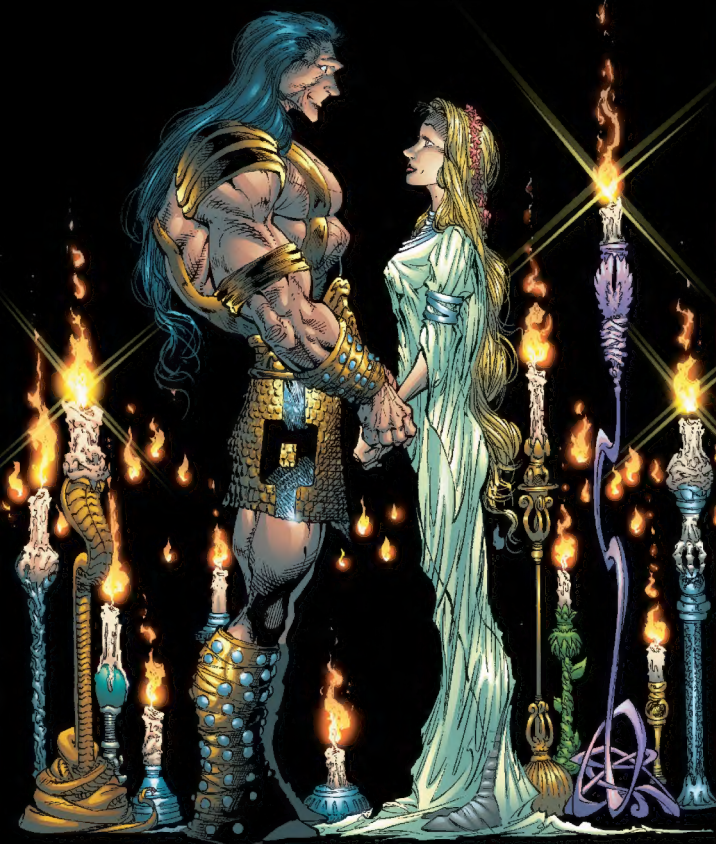


It is LORD  
COVENANT'S  
WEDDING  
NIGHT.

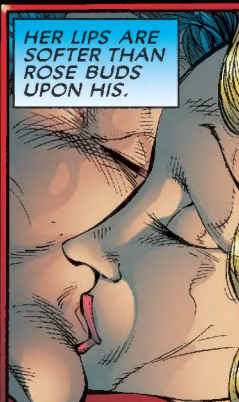


THE ENTIRE VILLAGE OF  
RHYLL CAME OUT TO  
CELEBRATE AND A GREAT  
FEAST WAS HELD.

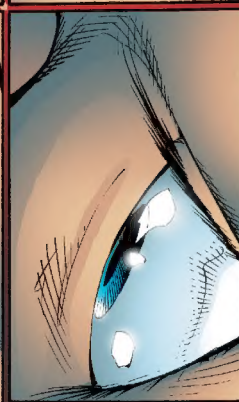
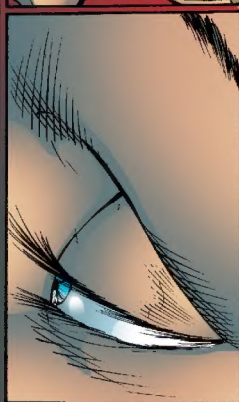
NOW THEY ARE  
ALONE, HE AND HIS  
BRIDE. HE PULLS  
SHIANN TO HIM.



HER LIPS ARE  
SOFTER THAN  
ROSE BUDS  
UPON HIS.



HIS HEART  
SWELLS  
WITH JOY.





IT  
CAN'T  
BE...

NOOOOO

THE CALL GOES OUT AND  
THE GUARDS SOON ARRIVE.  
SOME MONSTROUS THING  
IS LOOSE IN THE CASTLE.

THEY CHASE IT LIKE A WILD  
BEAST, OUT INTO THE COUNTRY-  
SIDE, INTO THE DARK WOODS.

A MOB IS FORMED, FROTHING AT THE MOUTH  
WITH CONTEMPT FOR THIS VILE THING THAT  
HAS INVADDED THEIR TRANQUIL LIVES.

COVENANT'S MIND SWIMS.  
HOW COULD THIS BE? HOW  
COULD THINGS HAVE GONE  
SO TERRIBLY WRONG?

COVENANT'S WORLD  
GROWS HAZY... HIS  
HEAD ECHOING  
WITH A HORRID,  
UNGODLY SOUND...  
THE ANGUISHED  
HOWL OF SOME  
DAMNED AND  
TORTURED BEAST...

DIE,  
YOU  
FIEND!  
DIE!

HIS SOUL  
CRASHES  
IN DESPAIR  
AS HE  
REALIZES  
THE VOICE  
IS HIS  
OWN.





SOUTHEAST  
ASIA.

LT. COLONEL  
AL SIMMONS  
CAN'T REMEMBER  
THE LAST TIME  
HE SLEPT.

THE DAYS BLUR  
TOGETHER, AN  
ENDLESS  
ITERATION OF  
BLACK, FREEZING  
NIGHTS AND  
BLISTERING,  
FEVERISH DAYS,  
MIDNIGHT BLUE  
AND JUNGLE  
GREEN.

HE COUNTS  
THE ANTS  
CIRCLING THE  
TREE TRUNK,  
MEMORIZES  
THE RUST  
SPOTS ON  
THE METAL  
CAGE.

ANYTHING  
TO PRESERVE  
HIS SANITY.

HIS  
MISSION  
WAS  
COVERT. NO ONE  
EVEN  
KNOWS  
HE IS  
HERE.

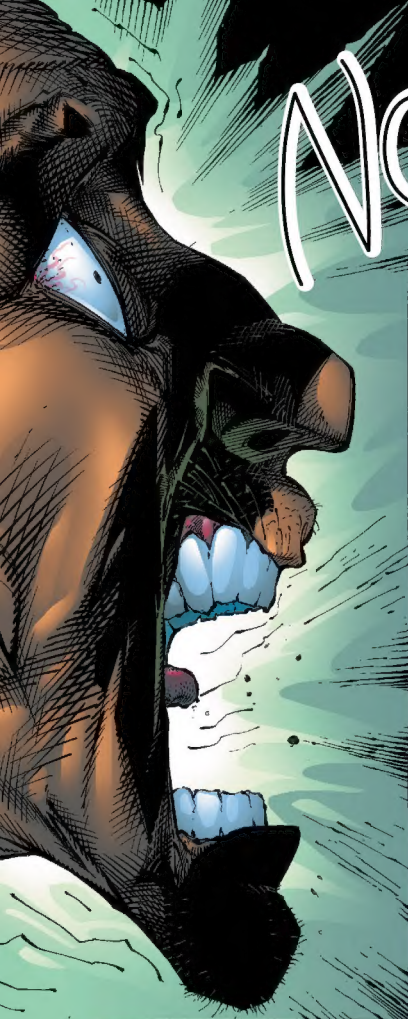
NO  
ONE IS  
COMING  
TO SAVE  
HIM.





I CAN SET  
YOU FREE,  
SIMMONS...  
I CAN  
MAKE YOU A  
BARGAIN...

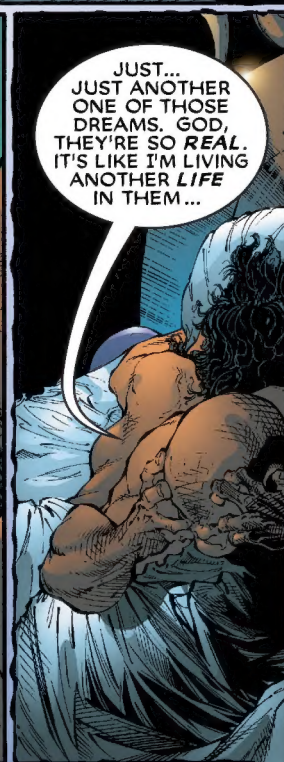




Noooo!



CHRIST,  
AL. WHAT  
IS IT THIS  
TIME?



JUST...  
JUST ANOTHER  
ONE OF THOSE  
DREAMS. GOD,  
THEY'RE SO *REAL*.  
IT'S LIKE I'M LIVING  
ANOTHER *LIFE*  
IN THEM...



WELL,  
IN THIS LIFE  
I'M TRYING  
TO GET SOME  
GODDAMN  
SLEEP.



HEY!


GO CRASH  
ON THE COUCH  
IF YOU'RE GOING  
TO BE TOSSING  
AND TURNING  
ALL NIGHT.



FINE.







LIGHTNING  
BREAKS THE SKY,  
LIKE A CRACK IN  
HEAVEN'S DOME.

ULRICH ULFSON  
BELLOWS  
THROUGH THE  
GALE, CURSING  
THE STORM.  
CURSING THE  
FICKLE GODS  
WHO HAVE  
BETRAYED HIM.

THE SEA  
WAS  
ONCE HIS  
FRIEND,  
BUT IT  
HAS  
TURNED  
ON HIM.

THE BLOATED  
CORPSE OF HIS  
BEST WIFE LIES  
IN A POOL AT  
HIS FEET, THEIR  
UNBORN SON  
A COLD, DEAD  
STONE IN HER  
BELLY.

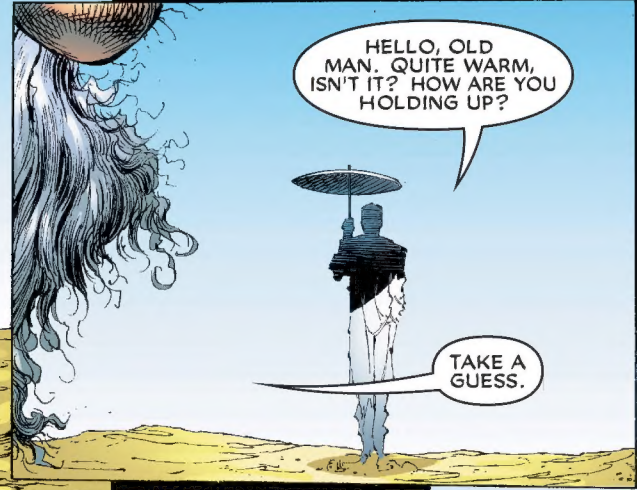
IT IS JUST A MATTER OF TIME TILL  
THE HUNGRY WAVES SWALLOW  
HIM, LEAVING NO TRACE BEHIND.

NO STORIES  
WILL BE TOLD  
OF HIS FEATS,  
NO SONGS  
SUNG OF HIS  
BATTLES.

ULRICH SCREAMS  
HIS CURSES TO THE  
SKY AND THE GODS  
THUNDER BACK  
THEIR LAUGHTER.



TUNISIA.



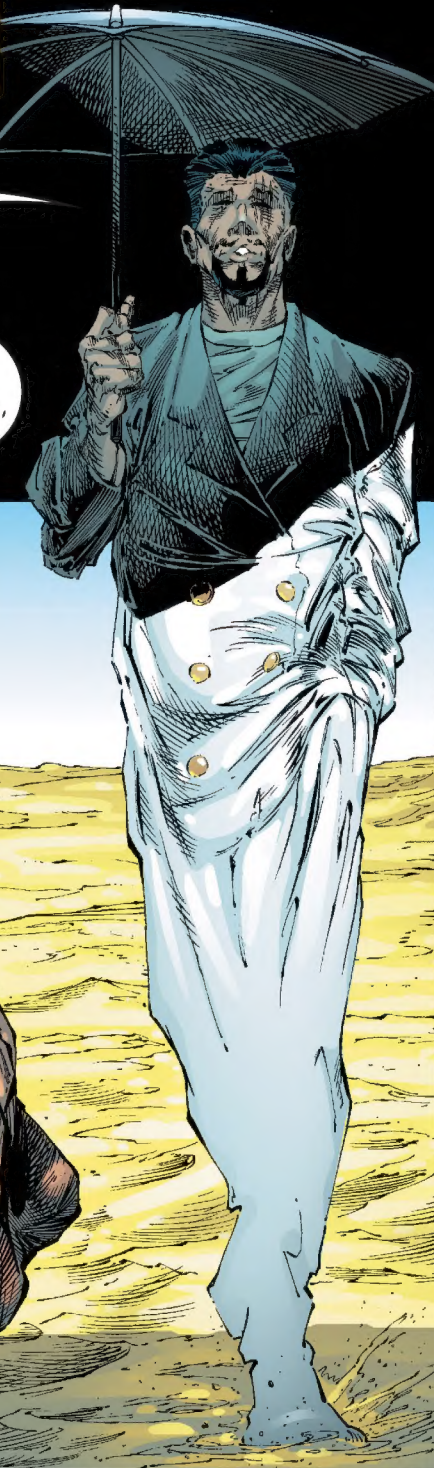
HELLO, OLD MAN. QUITE WARM, ISN'T IT? HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP?

TAKE A GUESS.

NOW, NOW. NO NEED TO BE CROSS. WE BOTH KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS SOONER OR LATER. YOU'VE HAD A GOOD RUN.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, YOU COULD HAVE DONE MUCH WORSE. NOW THAT THIS DAY IS HERE, WHY NOT TAKE IT LIKE A MAN?

WAS I REALLY SO WICKED? WERE MY SINS SO GREAT?



YOU MURDERED A QUARTER OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION IN A SINGLE STROKE. THAT'S NOT INSIGNIFICANT.

I KILLED MY BROTHER.

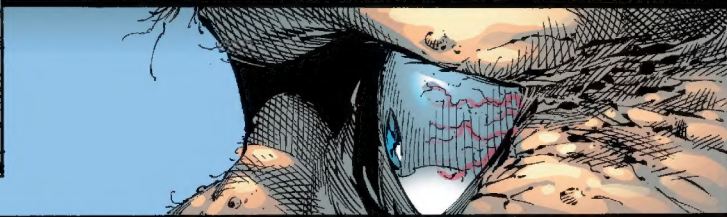


IT COMES TO THE SAME THING, DOESN'T IT?

OH WELL. SPILT MILK. LET'S GET TO THE MATTER AT HAND. I AM **NOTHING** IF NOT A MAN OF MY WORD.




OH, BY THE WAY... THERE'S A **TREE** ABOUT 10 MILES EAST OF HERE. THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW.











PROBABLY  
JUST  
SEEING ...

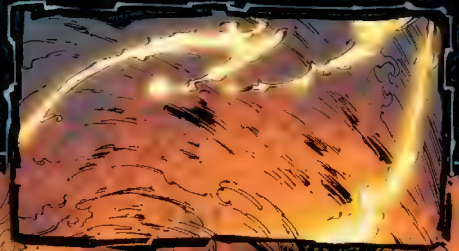
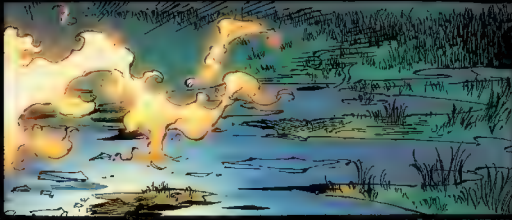
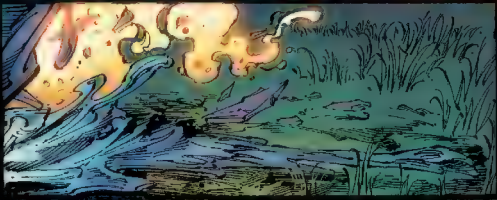
WHAT THE  
HELL IS  
THAT?

LIKE AN  
ANGEL...

WHOOAAA!



# KERR-AAASH!

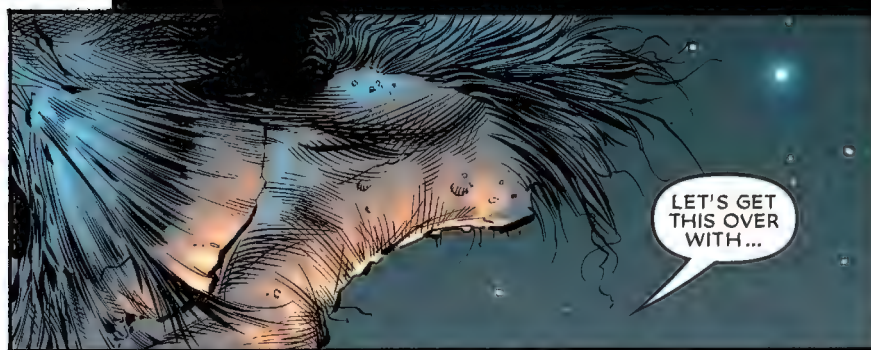
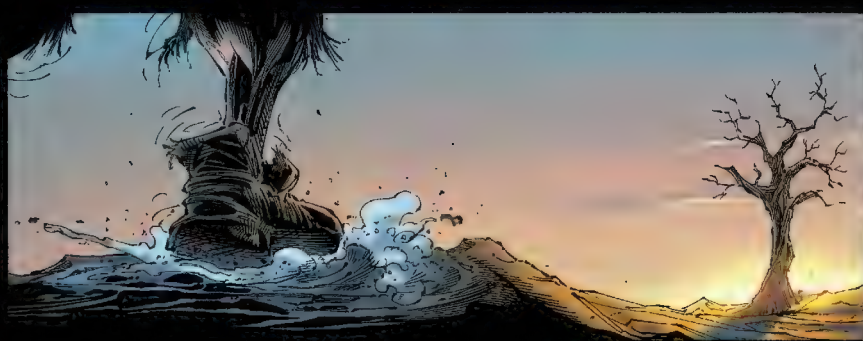
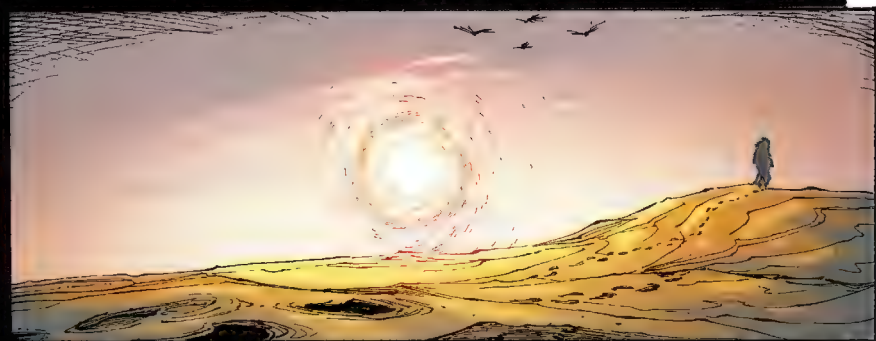
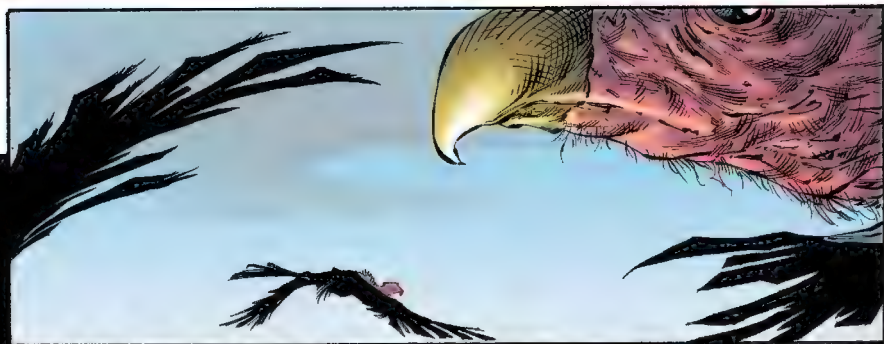


CONSUMED  
IN FLAME, AL  
SIMMONS'  
LIFE FLASHES  
BEFORE HIM.

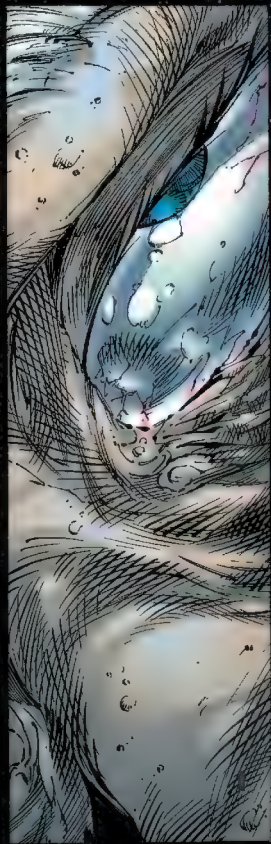
# NOOO!

WHAT HE  
WOULDN'T  
BARGAIN FOR  
ONE MORE  
CHANCE TO  
GET IT RIGHT.













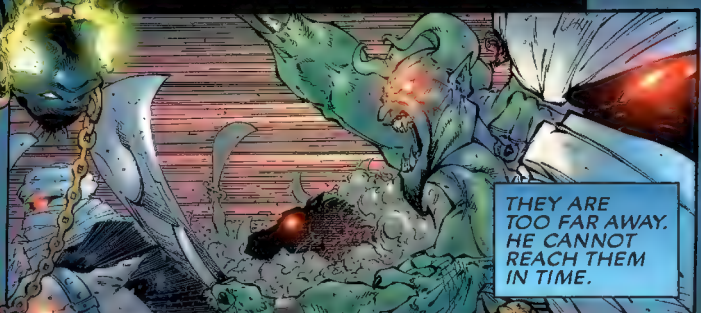


THE MOON RISES  
OVER THE SANDS, A  
FLAWLESS PEARL  
AGAINST DARK SILK.  
FROM THE TOP OF  
THE HIGHEST DUNE,  
HARUN-AL-MAJNUN  
SCANS THE ENDLESS  
HORIZON.

HIS STEED  
STIRS BENEATH  
HIM, FITFUL  
AND RESTLESS.  
THERE IS EVIL  
ON THE WIND.



TO THE WEST, THE  
CITY OF BALAKESH  
RISES LIKE AN  
ORCHID FROM THE  
DESERT, A PERFUMED  
ALTAR TO BEAUTY  
AND LEARNING.




THEY ARE  
TOO FAR AWAY.  
HE CANNOT  
REACH THEM  
IN TIME.

NO MATTER. HE HOLDS  
THE TRUMPET OF GLORY,  
CARVED FROM THE  
BONES OF A DEAD GOD.  
ITS POWER STRONG  
ENOUGH TO FELL A  
HUNDRED ARMIES.

HE RAISES THE  
HORN TO HIS  
LIPS AND BLOWS  
WITH ALL HIS  
STRENGTH. NO  
SOUND COMES.

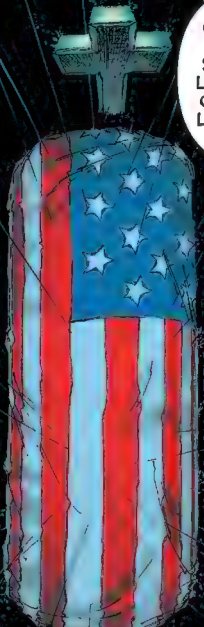


HE TRIES AGAIN  
AND AGAIN, BUT HIS  
EFFORTS ARE MET  
ONLY WITH SILENCE.




HARUN-AL-  
MAJNUN  
WATCHES  
HELPLESSLY AS  
HIS BELOVED  
BALAKESH,  
THE NAVE  
OF THE  
ENLIGHTENED  
WORLD, IS  
RAZED TO THE  
GROUND.





LT.  
COLONEL  
AL  
SIMMONS  
LOVED HIS  
COUNTRY,  
LOVED HIS  
FAMILY.



AND HE  
WAS MUCH  
LOVED IN  
RETURN...



WANDA?  
HELLO?  
WHAT'S  
GOING ON?  
WHY ARE  
ALL THESE  
PEOPLE  
HERE?




IT WAS  
A LOVELY  
SERVICE,  
DESPITE THE  
RAIN.

HELLO?

HEY,  
IS THIS  
SOME  
KIND OF  
JOKE?

I'M  
RIGHT  
HERE.



I CAN'T TELL  
YOU HOW SORRY WE  
ARE FOR YOUR LOSS,  
MRS. SIMMONS.

IF  
THERE'S  
ANYTHING  
WE CAN DO,  
ANYTHING  
I CAN DO,  
PLEASE  
SAY THE  
WORD.

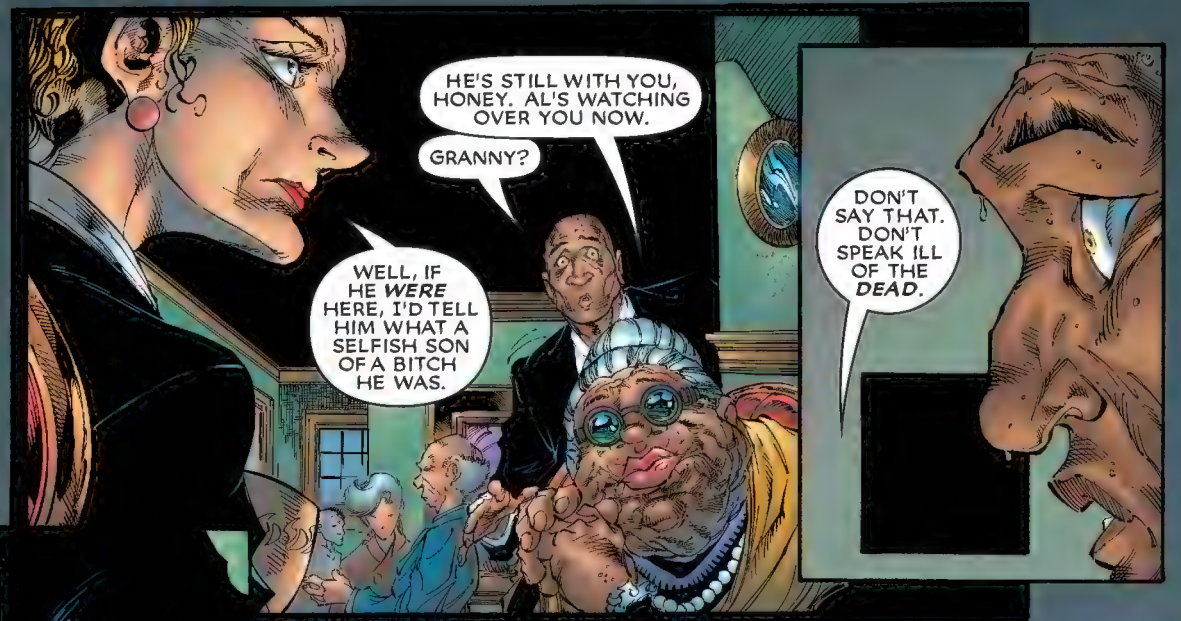
THANK  
YOU, MR.  
WYNN.



WYNN!  
GET  
AWAY  
FROM MY  
WIFE!

WANDA!  
WANDA!  
COME  
BACK!





HE'S STILL WITH YOU, MONEY. AL'S WATCHING OVER YOU NOW.

GRANNY?

WELL, IF HE *WERE* HERE, I'D TELL HIM WHAT A SELFISH SON OF A BITCH HE WAS.

DON'T SAY THAT. DON'T SPEAK ILL OF THE DEAD.

IT WAS ALWAYS ABOUT *HIM*. HIS JOB. HIS CAREER. HIS NEEDS. HE NEVER GAVE A DAMN ABOUT ME.

THAT- THAT'S NOT TRUE!

TRUTH IS, GRANNY, I DON'T THINK I *EVER* LOVED HIM. I'M *GLAD* HE DIED. YOU KNOW WHY? SAVES ME FROM BEING THE *BAD GUY*.

WANDA, DON'T SAY THAT...

HEY, MISTER. THERE YOU ARE.

THOUGHT I'D BEST LAY LOW. YOU KNOW HOW PEOPLE TALK.

LET'EM. I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY. I ONLY CARE ABOUT YOU.

LET'S JUST GET THROUGH THIS. THEN THE FUTURE'S OURS. JUST THE TWO OF US.

WANDA? WANDA... **NO!**

I THINK YOU MEAN THE *THREE* OF US.

YOU MEAN?

Uh-huh.






THIS CAN'T BE  
HAPPENING...



IT'S NOT  
REAL...



JUST ANOTHER  
ONE OF THOSE  
DREAMS... ANOTHER  
NIGHTMARE... IT'S  
NOT REAL...

IT'S  
NOT TOO  
LATE, YOU  
KNOW...



WHO'S  
THERE?  
CAN YOU  
**SEE**  
ME?





IT'S NOT  
TOO LATE  
TO STRIKE A  
BARGAIN.

I CAN  
END THIS FOR  
YOU. ALL THIS  
SUFFERING, ALL  
THIS PAIN. I  
CAN SET YOU  
FREE.



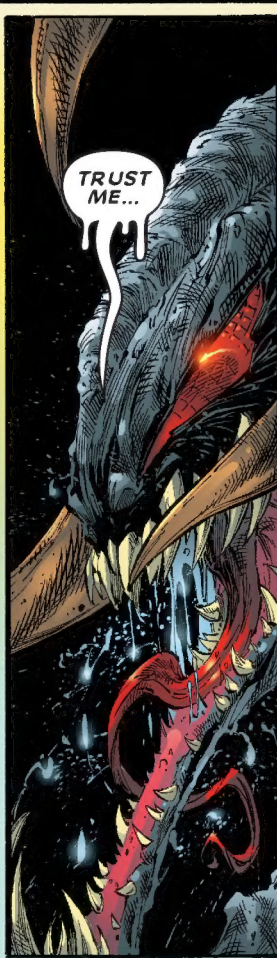


SURRENDER  
YOUR BURDENS  
TO ME. I WILL  
TAKE YOUR PLACE.  
GLADLY.



AND YOU  
WILL BE FREE  
AGAIN. BUT YOU  
MUST GIVE  
YOUR POWER  
WILLINGLY.

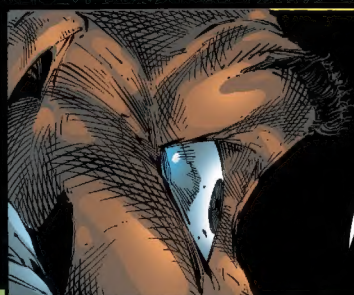
WE  
BOTH  
KNOW YOU  
NEVER  
WANTED  
IT...



TRUST  
ME...



TRUST  
ME.



POWER?  
WHAT POWER?  
WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

I CAN  
BE PATIENT. I'LL  
GIVE YOU SOME  
TIME TO THINK  
ABOUT IT.



BUT  
NOT TOO  
LONG.





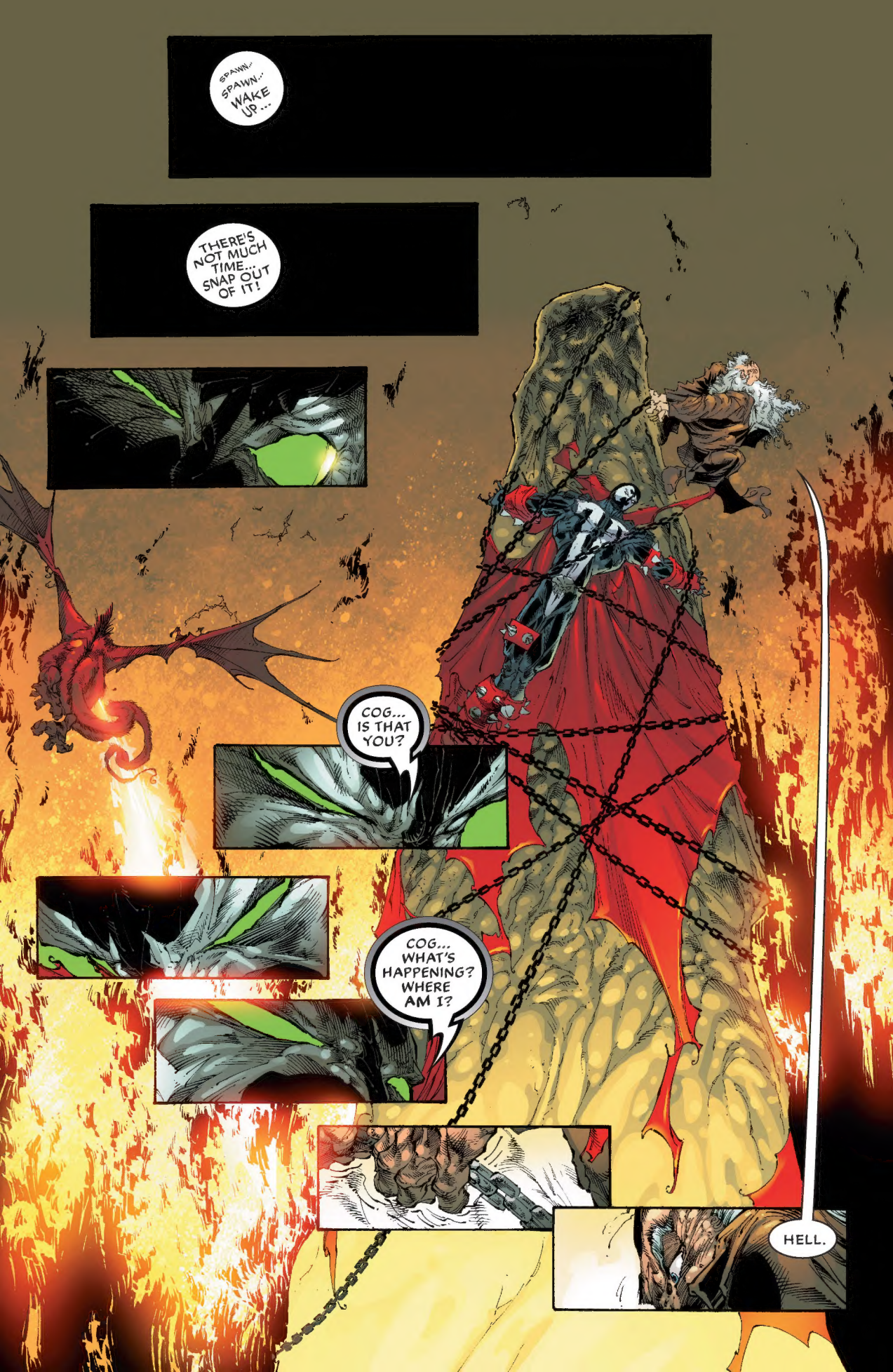
SPAWN...  
WAKE  
UP...

THERE'S  
NOT MUCH  
TIME...  
SNAP OUT  
OF IT!

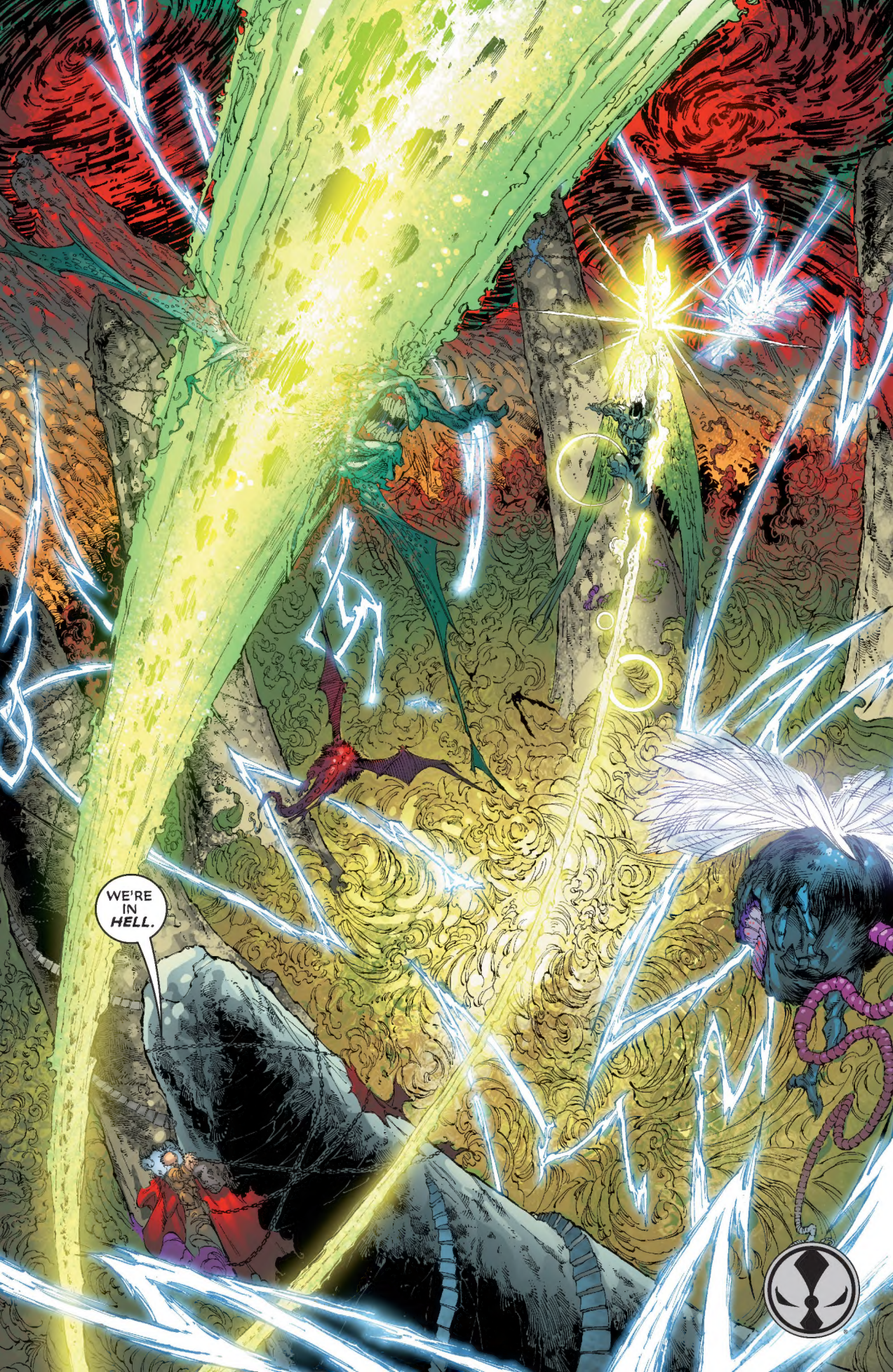
COG...  
IS THAT  
YOU?

COG...  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?  
WHERE  
AM I?

HELL.







WE'RE  
IN  
HELL.







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE